

To Remnant, From Chorus

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Summary: The Blood Gulch Crew is cornered in an alien structure on Chorus and as a last resort, retreats into a teleporter to Remnant. How will they fare in a world of Grimm? Beginning of Season 13 of Red vs. Blue, beginning of Volume 3 of RWBY.

1. Retreating Into Remnant

A.N.: **_Forgotten Freelancers_** probably got postponed after this chapter is uploaded, but this has been something I've been looking forward to doing ever since I finished volume 3 of RWBY, which was just fairly recently. I've also been reading quite a bit of RWBY/RvB fanfiction so there's that motivation. This is a completely different story from **_Forgotten Freelancers_** as the original characters are absent. There **MIGHT** be a pairing but I haven't thought that far ahead yet. The story will take place during the beginning of season 13 of Red vs. Blue and beginning of Vol. 3 of RWBY.

* * *

<p>Retreating Into Remnant

**Chorus, on the outskirts of Gvaizr Hills**

BANG! BANG!

"Guys, evac immediately! The space pirates are cutting off most of the escape routes!" Kimball yelled through the comms. Doyle and Kimball were overseeing an expedition to an alien structure with the Reds, Blues, and the Freelancers, led by Dr. Grey. Accompanying them was a 4-man squad from the Feds' side, unfortunately, none of them even made it into the structure. Since they were in the outskirts of the enemy's territory, they were heavily bombarded and attacked.

"They're bringing the whole thing down!" Grif yelled, aimlessly

firing his rifle.

"That's exactly what's going to happen IF YOU DO NOT GET THE FUCK OUT OF THERE!"

"We can't!" Carolina spoke. "The east and north exits are heavily fortified and the west exit is blocked by debris!"

"Just hang on for a while and focus fire on the east, the passage bottlenecks and you should be able to fire straight down that hallway!"

"How long is a while?!" Wash shouted.

"â€|E.T.A. 15 minutes." Doyle deadpanned.

"15 minutes?! We're not gonna last five!" Simmons said.

"We ventured into uncharted territory and the closest military base is 246 kilometers away!" Epsilon materialized. Bullets whizzed straight through him.

"Epsilon! Chances of survival?!" Wash asked nervously.

"â€|" Epsilon stayed quiet.

"Well?!"

"Low enough for Delta to actually worry." Epsilon said in a hushed tone.

"Son of a bitch!" Grif ducked just in the nick of time, as a rocket flew right over where his head originally was. That same rocket hit the east passage's wobbling supports, bringing down rock and dirt.

"Damnit all, world! Just take him!" Sarge yelled as he fired off more rounds.

"Not going that way!" Tucker still shooting behind cover.

"Looks like we're not gonna make it, fellas." Sarge said as he looked at his grenade. Tucker knew the team, save Carolina and Wash, were going to die there. As a last resort he unleashed the Great Key. The instant the sword took form the ground shook again, but not from explosions. Behind them, a holographic circle appeared.

"Tucker! Ram your sword in that thing!" Grey exclaimed. She has not shot at anybody and merely stayed behind cover, waiting for one of them to be hit for her to treat.

"Bow chicka bow-"

"_Are you fucking kidding me?_" Lopez asked.

"I know, Lopez! We're gonna have a shot at surviving!" Donut said, patting the robot's shoulder.

"Shut the fuck up and put it in!" Epsilon shouted. "Everyone, cover Tucker!"

bodies of the others. This caused Carolina and Wash to laugh and enjoyed the humor, watching them fall while trying to get up. Grif was on top, which caused everybody even more pain.

"Grif, get the fuck off of us!" Simmons yelled albeit muffled.

"Oh, right!" Grif hopped off, causing relief in the pile. The crew was able to recover and get up.

"Grif, I'd rather have Donut sit on my lap than youâ€¦ any day."

"Alright! Now I can fully enjoy the-" Donut said before being cut off by a disgusted Simmons.

"On second thought, fuck Donut."

"Hostiles detected." Freckles said.

"Same here. IT'S BEHIND YOU!" Epsilon yelled.

A loud growl can be heard behind them. Everybody drew their guns, Tucker using the sword.

"HOLYSHITWHATTHEFUCKISTHAT?!" Donut squealed.

"Everybody, watch your corners! That's probably a bear." Carolina remained cautious.

"Yeah, guys, that's not a bear." Epsilon chimed in.

"Well, whatever the hell it is, it's going to taste my shotgun justice!" Sarge cocked his shotgun.

Red eyes became visible through the bushes. Carolina ordered the team to open fire at the eyes. This further angered the creature and lunged at the group.

"Fuckberries!" Tucker jumped towards the belly of the creature, holding the sword up to slice it. As he did that, the crew unloaded into it, weakening it and distracting it from Tucker. He sliced its guts open and blood almost covered everybody, but mostly him.

"First black stuff, now this shit?!" Tucker shook his body in hopes of the blood coming off. Only most of it did.

Grey immediately went to investigate the creature, but the body evaporated.

"NO! I WAS GOING TO DO RESEARCH!" Grey looked very angry. An angry Grey is never good as when she interrogated a space pirate, she was still in a happy mood.

"You guys can't do research on Grimm." A female voice said from the north of the forest. This caused every member to draw their weapons in that direction.

"Show yourself!" Carolina ordered.

"I'm not going to show myself until those guns go down!" She

says.

"I know what to do!" Grey ran to Caboose. "Freckles! Enable aimbot!"

"Firing main cannon." Freckles shot two bullets at the forest. It seemed to work as the voice hadn't said anything.

"YOU BITCH!" The voice shouted. From that same direction, a blonde, long haired girl lunged at Caboose.

"Gaaah! Mean lady! Tucker did it!" Caboose held his forearms in front of his face to block the attack. The punch did not phase Caboose and only pushed him a foot behind where he originally stood. The girl pulled her arm away and shook her fist in pain. She was tackled by Sarge before being held at gunpoint by Carolina, Washington, Sarge, Lopez, Tucker, Grif, Simmons, and Donut.

"Who are you?!" Carolina asked in an authoritative voice.

"Yang Xiao Long." The girl said, holding her arms up in surrender. "That guy shot me! It cut off this part of my hair!" She pointed at the side of her hair where it was shorter than the rest of her hair.

"Oh no!" Donut knelt next to her. "I hate bad haircuts!" He helped her up to her feet. Most of the crew walked off to guard the area while Carolina and Wash still held their guns to her head.

"Where are we?" Wash asked.

"You're in Emerald Forest. I have a question for you. What armor is that?" Yang knocked on Donut's chestplate, feeling how tough it is.

"We'll fill you in on the details later. Just tell us the planet we're in and where we could find civilization."

"What do you mean what planet you're in?"

"We mean it," Carolina said, putting her gun down. "what is this planet?"

"Remnant" if you're actually serious."

"Remnant? That's not on any UNSC records." Epsilon said, appearing in front of the girl.

"Whoa! What is that?"

"I'm an A.I., or Artificial Intelligence."

"The only A.I. we see around these parts are ones in Atlas. Anyway, you're looking for civilization right?"

"Yeah, we're kinda lost."

"Follow me. I'll take you to Beacon Academy."

* * *

><p>A.N.: So, how'd you guys like the RWBY/RvB thing I did? As I said, it's been a thought for a while now so I wanted to get it out of the way.

Same thing with FF's first chapter. I don't know when I'll be ending this.

2. Induction

Induction

They followed Yang while taking in the scenery. Carolina couldn't care less and acted as the escort for the group. When they reached an open field, an aircraft hovered overhead. It descended and the door opened, revealing a taller and older blonde woman who had a riding crop in one hand.

"Mrs. Goodwitch! What brought you here?" Yang greeted her.

"Hello, Yang. Bring them on board. Ozpin wants to talk to them." She motioned for them to ride the craft. Everybody stayed quiet and was shocked.

"What? Never seen a Bullhead before?"

"â€|"

"Grimm are closing in, come on." Goodwitch entered and Yang followed.

"Is it just me, orâ€|" Wash whispered to the crew.

"She sounds like an old Tex?" Tucker finished. Grey was confused as to who Tex was, but she knew this Tex guy probably bullied them.

"That can't be Tex. She's dead." Epsilon added. "Wash activated the emp. All that was left of her was my memory."

"It's E.M.P. you jackass!"

Everybody boarded the Bullhead, with Simmons and Grif still standing outside.

"Hey, Simmons." Grif said.

"Shotgun." Simmons mocked Grif and walked up into the VTOL.

"Fuck!" Grif followed him angrily.

The ride to Beacon was mostly silent as Glynda wanted to save the questions and answers for when they're in Ironwood and Ozpin's presence. The crew didn't want to talk to her either as they're afraid she's actually Tex. Carolina checked her ammunition and Wash communicated with Epsilon.

"Mrs. Goodwitch?" Grey asked.

"Yes?"

"What's a Grimm?"

"They're creatures of destruction. They've been around since mankind came, and ever since we've been fighting them. There's different kinds of Grimm such as the common Beowolf you encountered, the intelligent Goliath, or the flying Nevermore."

"I assume there's tons more, right?"

"Correct. According to historians they almost succeeded until we came upon the Dust. I'll assume you don't know what dust is. It's the worldwide power source. Everything runs on dust."

"Is it true that we can't research Grimm anatomy?"

"Sadly, that's true. We can't capture any of them alive as they're too vicious, and we can't kill them because they'll become ashes. The most we see is when we dismember them in a fight."

"Such a damn tease!" Grey pinched the bridge of her nose.

Meanwhile, Sarge noticed that Yang's gauntlets bore shotgun shells, intriguing him.

"Hey, young lady." He sat across from her.

"Helloâ€¦ uhâ€¦" Yang waited for a name.

"I'm Colonel Sarge."

"Sarge is your name?"

"Don't ask."

"Don't tell!" Donut said from the other side of the aircraft. Simmons and Tucker groaned.

"What in Sam Hill is that thing?" Sarge pointed at her gauntlets.

"It's Ember Celica. It's a shotgun-gauntlet hybrid."

"I NEED TO HAVE ONE OF THOSE!" Sarge stood up in excitement.

"Well, they're custom made-"

"I WANT TO BE ABLE TO DELIVER SWIFT YET PAINFUL SHOTGUN JUSTICE TO MY FOES WHILE MY FIST MEETS THEIR FACE!"

Yang looked to her right at Simmons in confusion.

"Sarge has a thing for shotguns." Simmons said. Yang nodded.

__**Beacon Academy**__

The Bullhead landed on Beacon Academy. As the door opened they were met with three girls, one with a bow, one that looked fairly pompous

and rich, and another one that looked much younger.

"Back so soon?" Ruby asked.

"I was only able to collect six jars, but I can go back at another time. I picked up these guys."

The armored men and women exited, receiving stares from the three girls and other students.

"Guys, the red one is Ruby, my half-sister. Bow-girl here is Blake. She's mostly quiet, but when you get to know her, she gets to be one of the coolest girls you'll meet. This one's Weiss. You've probably heard of her as the heiress to the Schnee Dust Company." Yang's statement gave Weiss a smug look on her face.

"What's the Schnee Dust Company?" Carolina asked, removing her helmet. Weiss frowned at Carolina's question, but was taken aback.

"Pyrrha! You lookâ€¦ older! What's with the armor?" Weiss shockingly said.

"Who's Pyrrha?"

"Someone developed dissociative personality disorder." Blake deadpanned.

"Uhâ€¦ Who's this Pyrrha?" She attracted the attention of Team JNPR, especially Jaune.

"What theâ€¦? Two Pyrrhas?!"

Carolina looked towards Jaune's voice, but her eyes fixated on her look-alike. Pyrrha's jaw dropped at the sight of what she would probably look like in her 30s. Carolina was also shocked, making a confused face and tilting her head, as if to inspect Pyrrha. The three teams sat in an awkward silence.

"Oh no! This world has copies of us! It's like art class all over again!" Caboose broke the silence.

"You tookâ€¦ you took art?" Tucker asked in mild surprise.

"Yeah, but all I did was splash a bunch of paint and let it dry. My art teacher told me it could sell for a thousand bucks and that's when I learned to enjoy modern art. After that, everyone started cheating and copying me!"

"Hello, I'mâ€¦ I'm Pyrrha Nikos, member of teamâ€¦ team JNPR." She managed.

"I'm Carolinaâ€¦" She scratched the back of her head.

"Damn, if you close your eyes, it's like she's talking to herself." Blake said, closing her eyes. Every one in RWBY and JNPR, save Pyrrha, did so. Half of the Blood Gulch Crew closed their eyes too.

"Hey, 'Lina, she looks like you before Project Freelancer." Wash

whispered.

"How did you know how I looked like?"

"York showed me a picture or two."

Pyrrha and Carolina felt awkward talking to each other, especially Carolina. She had wanted to forget her high school years and the bad memories of teenage drama, but alas, it was like looking at a time traveling mirror. They retreated into their team's group as the others conversed, but still couldn't get their eyes off each other.

"We form Team RWBY!" Ruby exclaimed and raised her fist in the air.

"You named a team after your name? That's a bit conceited, don't you think?" Grif said.

"It's a bit confusing, I know, but it's 'ruby' with a W. It stands for Ruby, Weiss, Blake, and Yang."

"How it works is that they take the first letter of each member's first name or surname, then that acronym is a shortened version of a color. There's team NDGO, SSSN, BRNZâ€¦" Weiss spelled out the team name's letters then pronounce them regularly.

"This one is team JNPR. That's Jaune, he's the not-so-strong and not-so-handsome leader, but a good leader anyway. The ginger is Nora. She's insane without that hammer and even more with it, but it's wonderful the things she can do with that. The ninja dude with the pink hair is Ren. Like I said, ninja dude. And of course, arguably the best student in Beacon is Pyrrha." Ruby introduced JNPR.

"Funny. Carolina here is the best out of ourâ€¦ group before it all kinda fell apart." Wash added.

"The resemblance is uncanny." Ren said. "And, this streak is magenta."

"We're team JNPR! J-N-P-R!" Jaune triumphantly put his hands on his waist and looked off into the sky while Nora gave an enthusiastic thumbs up.

Glynda was right behind the crew, letting them introduce themselves. She walked in front of them as she told RWBY and JNPR to leave the area. The four students did so and Glynda took the team to the headmaster. Ironwood stood in front of the desk as Ozpin awaited.

"This one room is better than our entire base back at Blood Gulch." Grif praised the office.

"Are you kidding me? It's better than the whole damn canyon!" Tucker added.

"Could use a bit more color, but it's pretty spacious!" Donut nodded.

"Settle down, ladies and gentlemen." the headmaster spoke. "I know

you must have questions. I'll answer the basic ones for you. Let me introduce myself, my name is Ozpin, the headmaster of Beacon Academy. The gentleman next to me is General Ironwood, headmaster of Atlas Academy and leader of the Atlesian Military."

The group nodded and greeted while the Freelancers, Grey, Simmons, and Sarge gave a quick salute.

"We have cameras set up in the Emerald Forest, enabling us to monitor the area. We saw what transpired so Glynda was sent to talk to you, and with those equipment you're carryingâ€¦ I'm sure not even Atlas can top that." Ironwood said.

"Okay, we've heard Atlas twice. Who is that?" Wash asked.

"Atlas is one of four kingdoms on Remnant. Atlas sits on the north, Mistral on the east, Vacuo on the west, and Vale, which is where Beacon academy resides, is at the center. Atlas has the strongest military power and is the leader in technology." Ironwood answered.

"Really?" Epsilon sarcastically said, showing up in the middle of the room. "Do you have A.I. like me?"

Ironwood looked at the holographic figure. Atlesian artificial intelligence units can't take form, not even holographic.

"No. Where were you made?"

"I was made by a group called Project Freelancer somewhere pretty damn far from this planet. Well, I lied, I wasn't made. I was fragmented by the project from an Alpha A.I. who me and a bunch of other A.I. came from. Each A.I. represents a trait of the Alpha. I represent its memory, so I know exactly what happened to it. With my memory, I can use the other intelligence program units' abilities."

"I am intelligence program Delta. Hello, General Ironwood." A green soldier materialized next to Epsilon.

"This is Delta. He represents the Alpha's logic. He's no doubt the most intelligent one out of all of us, then there's Dr. Grey."

"Hello!" Grey waved.

Ironwood inspected Epsilon and his fragments while Epsilon introduced every member of the team. Ozpin reviewed security camera footage with the crew.

"Caboose, is it?"

"Reporting for duty!" Caboose saluted.

"You angered Yang by removing a piece of her hair, and she then punched you."

"Actually, Freckles did it, but yeah. It hurt."

"However, that punch was enhanced by aura. Not only that, but Yang is

already naturally strong without aura. That strike would've sent even heavily-armored soldiers flying. How did it not affect you?"

"Caboose here is VERY strong, and that's kind of an understatement. It's like God's way of compensating for his lack of brain power." Tucker crossed his arms.

"If he's powerful enough to successfully block a punch from Yang herself, I wonder what his limit is." Ozpin brushed his chin.

"He carried a 5-megaton bomb and only struggled for a while."

"Equivalents of TNT does not mean the bo-"

"No, the bomb itself weighed 5 megatons." Ozpin made a confused face, but shrugged it off soon.

"and how big was this bomb in terms of size?"

"Like a basketball."

Ozpin stayed quiet.

"Oh, don't tell me there's no basketball here!"

"We do have basketball, among other sports. I'm glad Remnant and wherever you come from have some things in common."

"Damn! I was gonna introduce shooting it through the hole! Bow-chicka-bow-wow!"

"You people fascinate me by the minute."

"What's this aura thingamajigger?" Sarge asked.

"It's the manifestation of one's soul. With enough practice and skill, that aura can be used in battle for offense or defense."

"If we're living that means we can harness this aura, right?" Simmons asked, getting a nod from Ozpin. Everyone turns to Lopez, the only person in the room that has no human parts. Simmons still had a few human organs, though he still retains the metal parts and the ass fax machine.

"_That's racist._"

"I've seen robots that have souls. Only the Grimm have no soul. You are all able to unlock your aura, just wait."

"_Wait, why do robots have souls in the first place?_"

"So, how did you get here? There was a flash of light coming from the forest which spooked the Grimm. Next thing we see is a pile of what looks like soldiers in exoskeletons."

"Long story or short story?" Carolina steps in.

"Give me all the details."

"First off, we were in a battle with a band of elite mercenaries on a planet named Chorus, a long time after we ended up in the fray we were sent to investigate a lone alien structure in the Gvaizr Hills until we got attacked. Outside help were far away and our only options were jump down a pit or die."

"_We should've left Sarge behind._" Lopez said what he had in mind all along. He didn't even bother speaking because if nobody at home could understand Spanish, how could the people here understand it?"

"What language is that robot speaking?" Ironwood asked, trying to touch Lopez. The latter swatted the hand away.

"_And here I thought you were fluent in 13 languages._"

"Sarge built him a very, VERY long time ago. He had a broken speech unit which causes him to speak another language from that planet we came from." Simmons replied.

"Let's get back on track. So I assume you jumped down that pit and ended up here, correct?"

A chorus of yeses came.

"Okay. You have a few choices since I assume you'll be staying here for a while and until your friends back on Chorus, and us, can find a way to get you home. Since you're all soldiers that have no idea what's going on in Remnant, I can take you all in as first year students for the time being, get yourself acquainted with everyone and learn about this new place. If you are an expert in any field, I'll appreciate an extra teacher or two. If you are not interested I'll be able to get you a home in Vale. Your final choice is to join the Atlesian military, led by General Ironwood."

"If you want us to join the army again, prepare to be sorely disappointed." Grif muttered.

"Do you not follow orders?" Ironwood turns to Grif.

"Nah. A long time ago, us and the Blues were in a war in this box canyon. We could've actually fought and ended everything in like, five minutes, but here we are. Because we don't follow orders."

"But the fact that you're still alive means you're crafty and know how to survive. We need survivalists."

"We fucked around one day instead of actually killing each other and then ended up being involved in the death of the freelancer's head honcho, becoming captains of two armies, and unifying those armies."

"Stop convincing him, jackass!" Simmons hit him on his head.

"Ooh! Are there medical classes?" Grey said excitedly. Meanwhile everyone discussed what they should do, whether to laze off, which was Grif's first idea until he heard that he wouldn't survive an hour without proper knowledge, join the military and teach which was a unanimous 'no', so their last option is to learn about the world

they're in before trying to tackle challenges.

"No, but you can compare notes with our doctors. Surely a combat medic would have experience with war or animal attacks."

"I've spent 72 hours straight fixing up three men who's internal organs were misplaced after they got tortured. It was actually a fun ride!"

Ozpin looked in shock and minor disgust. "Did they survive?"

"Yeah! A gallon of coffee and the sound of gunfire and explosions really helped me do my job too!"

"Ah, yes. We need someone who can act proficiently under stress. After this, follow the signs to the medical center so you can get acquainted with the surgical tools and the gadgets we have."

Sarge surprised Ozpin with his sudden loud voice. "Headmaster! We have decided to become a part of this school so we can learn!" He drifted off. Glynda then went down to the dorms.

"Good. Mrs. Goodwitch will be preparing your dorm rooms. Any ques-"

"TO KICK MONSTER ASS!" Sarge finished. Ozpin sighed, but he was relieved that at least they were enthusiastic about killing Grimm, albeit for the wrong reasons.

"Mr. Ozpin." Washington said.

"Ozpin's fine, thank you. How may I help you?"

"Are you sure you want to give Grey surgical tools? Way back when, Carolina tried to interrogate an enemy and he didn't say a word. Might I add that Carolina is real fucking brutal. Grey took that soldier to a surgery room and not only did she get information from him, she traumatized all of us. All while she was singing a damn opera." Wash muttered.

"Humans are still prone to war, so ingenuity and adaptability in a civil war is a good trait. Besides, a little crazy helps in demoralizing the enemy." Ozpin finished and gave out scrolls to each member.

"Sweet! Apple finally stepped their game up!" Grif examined the device.

"Apple's been irrelevant since 2300. Get with the program." Carolina chuckled.

"That is a scroll. It will contain your mission information, your class schedule, and all the necessities you need to keep organized. Once we unlock your aura, it will gauge that. As of now, Glynda has gotten three dorm rooms. Divide yourselves into three groups, maximum four per room."

"Red team! Front and center on the double!" Sarge commanded. Lopez, Simmons, and Grif stood on one side.

"_I'm probably going to regret this._" Lopez said.

"Come on, blue team!" Wash ordered. Tucker and Caboose followed him.

"Okay, I guess it's a party!" Donut exclaimed. Grey happily joined him.

"We're not gonna talk about bra sizes and have pillow fights, right?" Carolina hesitated.

"If you don't want to! I'll just be figuring out the wallpapers and lighting."

"Right," Carolina sighed. "Brings back high school sleepovers." She cringed at the memories.

"Guys, does it strike you that the least manliest and borderline homosexual guy hangs out with more girls than we do?" Tucker said, shaking his head.

"It's because you're a pig." Carolina joked.

"I'm only a pig in bed. Bow-chickaâ€|"

"Bow-chicka-bow-" Carolina and Tucker said the joke at the same time. Tucker stared at her in disbelief.

"Did you justâ€|?"

"â€|Maybe."

"Don't do that."

"Yeah, that's a good idea."

"So it's settled." Ozpin nodded. "Go down and you may wander the school. Class begins tomorrow."

* * *

><p>A.N.: I did not expect this story to have more than three follows/favorites from the first chapter. I'm glad you guys enjoyed it. There's the answer to Yang not even scratching Caboose, it's just his pure strength. Remember, he didn't even notice the gravity being increased ten times. Also, I do not want to weaken anybody. There might be a minor, unnoticable nerf or two if I put Carolina against somebody to make it a somewhat fair fight, but if I pit Grif against someone like Cinder at her full power, then obviously Grif wins. /s

Constructive reviews are always appreciated. Ideas too. One mind can only go so far.

3. Catching Up

Catching Up

* * *

><p>Gvaizr Hills, Chorus_

Kimball led a force of 21 soldiers, not including her, comprised of ten New Republic and ten Federal Army troops, and one medic to the Gvaizr Hills, where the Blood Gulch Crew mysteriously disappeared from the radar. Upon entering the canyon, the lead marksmen and scouts spotted snipers holed up on the cliffs. They marked the four targets on the soldiers' HUDs. The soldiers sat tight while the marksmen lined up a synchronized shot on the targets. After a countdown, four simultaneous sniper shots became one loud shot as four space pirates were killed.

"Gauss, this is Kingpin. A hostile light armored vehicle is advancing from the east." Doyle said through the comms. He was back at Armonia, being the eyes and ears of Gauss Team.

"Kingpin, Gauss. Copy. Gauss Two, flank the vehicle's rear and neutralize the occupants quietly. Gauss Five, arm launchers and prepare to fire on my mark if things go south." Kimball ordered. Gauss Two, the stealth unit, snuck up to the LAV's blind spot and all four members prepared to enter the vehicle through both the hatch and the back door.

"Did you hear that?" The driver asked.

"No, you paranoid ass. Next, you're gonna say that aliens were made up by the government to cover up the construction of these fucking towers." The gunner mocked.

"Funny, he already said that two days ago." The spotter chuckled.

At the same time, Gauss Two entered and took out the three crew members, none of them even noticing anybody died.

"Scavenger, what's the status of the sniper unit?" The radio said.

"Uhâ€¦ this is Scavenger. Nothing to worry about. Theyâ€¦ saw a bear." a Gauss Two member responded, mimicking the spotter's voice. His teammates stayed quiet and gave a thumbs up.

"Huh, it's not like they need to worry about the local wildlife. Scavenger, continue patrol. Command out."

Gauss Two exited the vehicle, but not before taking the enemy's dog tags.

"You're all clear, Gauss. All hostiles are K.I.A." Doyle said.

"Roger that. We're going to set up camp and commence objective echo, out." Kimball responded. She and a small fireteam entered the open alien structure. Upon getting to the end of the long hallway, it was partially blocked by rubble caused by the explosives detonated by Carolina. They scaled over the debris only to find mangled and torn bodies of space pirates, and just ahead of them, a blue and red pit.

"Any of you guys know what's in that hole?" The sergeant

asked.

"Grey probably did, but she disappeared with the crew andâ€¦" Kimball trailed off after a realization. "â€¦their markers vanished in this room! They must have jumped into that pit.

"Are we going in?" The lieutenant managed.

"No. Lieutenant, get the medic."

He contacted the team's medic who eventually made his way over to the room.

" 'Sup?"

"DuFresne, we need you to get in that hole." Kimball pointed at the glowing pit. She cringed at what she said, knowing that she spent too much time talking to Tucker.

"â€¦Why?" He hesitated.

"We suspect your friends disappeared after jumping down that pit. Since you have a lot of experience with them, you're gonna have to fetch them. We don't know what's in there so your secondary objective is to observe and record the environment."

"I don't get backup?"

"You said you were a pacifist. You've got nothing to worry about if you don't get into fights."

Doc realized her point. Since he had no other choice, he shook the team's hands and gave them his dog tags, in case he doesn't come back. Reluctantly, he jumps into the pit, afraid but excited to meet up with the crew.

* * *

><p>Vale, Remnant**

The ten soldiers walked down the hall to their assigned rooms. It came to be a mild surprise when they noticed that their rooms were a few doors next to RWBY and JNPR's. Glynda directed Red team and Blue team to their rooms, but much to their dismay, were directly across from each other. Team Donut was next to the Blue team. Team RWBY and JNPR had left to partake in the Vytal Festival, leaving the BGC to themselves.

"Why are we across from each other again?" Tucker asked Glynda, however, she was already gone.

Red Base

"I guess this means we're back to our age-old rivalry!" Sarge announced. "Come on, ladies! We need to convert this little hotel room into a full-fledged Red base!"

"Should we consult Donut for that, sir?" Simmons asked.

"Unless you want a rainbow wallpaper, I suggest not." Washington

suggested.

"Stop giving us advice, Blue!" Sarge yelled at Wash.

Sarge went to Donut's room. He was already in the process of painting the wall pink with Grey. Carolina simply couldn't handle how 'girly' this was and went over to Blue team.

"Donut! Care to help us build a brand new Red base?"

"Sure, Sarge! Let me just finish this section!" Donut added the last stroke of paint on the corner.

"â€|Why pink?"

"It's lightish-red!"

"Hold on, how do you know about military base decorations?" Grif asked.

"I'm very flexible!" Donut exclaimed.

"Please don't let it end there, please don't let it end thereâ€|" Simmons muttered.

"In the art of home furnishing, of course!"

Simmons let out a sigh of relief.

"You gotta know different positions and styles if you want it to look and feel nice!"

"Son of a bitch."

Blue Base

"What's wrong?" Wash asked as he sees Carolina walk in.

"I'm a war machine, not a kid." Carolina sighed.

"Come on, loosen up a bit. This isn't Chorus anymore. Nobody knows who we are. It's like a temporary new beginning for us."

"I'll try, but I'll be damned if I end up turning into Delaware."

"What's wrong with Delaware?"

"According to Connie, she was the stereotypical dumb cheerleader in high school."

"What?! She was the brains of B team."

"You cram knowledge down someone's throat, they'll end up swallowing it."

"Heh. That's not the only thing she probably swallowed." Wash smiled.

"Ay!" Tucker gave Wash a high five. Carolina snickered and sat down,

remembering the days when Wash and York acted like immature best friends during Project Freelancer.

"Hey, Washingtub." Caboose said.

"Yeah?"

"Is it just me or did the headmaster guy have the same voice as you?"

"Yeah! It was like your attempt at Macbeth after you lost that bet with Rhode." Carolina teased.

"Eating ten 2-pound cheeseburgers in thirty minutes isn't so easy. Rhode is fucking tiny too, I don't understand how he does it!"

"I've seen him in the mess hall a bunch of times. If I know anything about him, it's that he's fast at two things: eating junk food and metabolism."

"So there's two redheads with green eyes, one has anger issues and used to be a bossy bitchâ€¦" Tucker was interrupted by Carolina's growl. Tucker didn't mind it because Tex was worse than Carolina when he called her a bitch.

"â€¦And the other one seems nice, sweet, and hella attractive. Then there's an Agent Washington and fucking George Washington."

"What about you? There's bound to be a dude who's always trying to get the chicks."

"I know a guy just like that." Came a voice from the door.

"Hello, Weiss." Wash shook her hand. She winced at the strength of his arm and the armor, almost dislocating her arm. She didn't say a word about it.

"We're back, team SLVR and CBLT had an incident. Serena kept on bashing Lorenzo's face in after his aura was depleted so the next match has been postponed for a bit. Anyway, that guy I'm talking about is Neptune Vasilias. If you see an incredibly cute guy with blue hair, that's him."

"Is his hair aqua, by any chance?"

"Nope. It's more of a sky blue."

"That's a damn shame. At least we have one thing in common!"

"Do you know what IS a damn shame?! It's a damn shame those dirty blues are right across the hall!" Sarge piped behind her.

"The armor colors and the attitude says you're rivals." She spoke to the Blues.

"Events here and there led to us working together sometimes. We were fighting in a box canyon until we got dragged in to the business of professional ass-kickers called Freelancers, who WE somehow kicked ass. These two," Tucker pointed at Wash and Carolina. "are Freelancers. We helped them, now they're on our side."

"So, it's like some kind of 'Red vs. Blue' capture the flag type of deal?"

"Yup. Except for Sarge. It's more like 'Red vs. Grif' for him."

"Who's-"

"He's the fat and yellow one."

"It's orange, fuckface!" Grif yelled across the hall.

"Do you know who else got a fucked face? Your sister!" Tucker shouted back. Yang heard his statement and immediately ran to their room, threatening to punch Tucker's face in.

"If you make a comment like that about MY sister, you're gonna wish an Ursa would rather rip your intestines out of your mouth AND STICK IT BACK UP YOUR ASS!" Yang growled. Tucker was distracted by her chest as it was level with his face. He was afraid, but liked the feisty attitude but he was mostly enjoying the view. Yang was none the wiser as Tucker had his helmet on.

"Your sister looks like she's 13! I'm not into teenagers! Besides, I was talking about goldie's sister!" He defended. Yang eventually calmed down and backed off.

"Donut probably gets more pussy than you!" Grif shouted.

"Stop talking to your superior like that!"

"The fuck do you mean 'superior'?! You can't pull rank if we're the same fucking rank!"

"Okay, kids. Calm down. Every first year student is 17. Team CFVY are made up of 2nd year members and 18 if you're interested." Blake chimed in. (**A.N.: **I'm not sure what CFVY's ages are, but since they're 2nd year members, I'll assume they're 18. If I'm wrong, then I'll leave it at that.)

"The girls are Coco Adel and Velvet Scarlatina." Yang said.

"Velvet! The name's already pretty attractive."

"She has bunny ears."

"â€|She's into that stuff?"

"No, she actually has bunny ears. There's this species called Faunus. In a nutshell, they're humans with animal traits. Blake here is actually a cat Faunus!" Yang pointed at Blake, who frowned and shook her head.

"Bestiality ain't my thing."

"It's not bestiality if they're mostly human." Yang said, but Tucker was still confused.

"I think she's talking about a furry with ACTUAL animal ears."

Epsilon whispered to Tucker. The latter gave a nod of understanding.

"You guys wanna go to the festival? The next match is gonna commence in three hours. We'll show you around and everything's on the house, courtesy of Weiss." Yang smiled while Weiss sighed. She was the one always spending money, but it barely dented her account anyway.

"Why not?" Carolina accepted the invitation. "Reds, do you wanna come?"

"No thanks, we got some renovations to do." Sarge said.

"Grey?"

"Yep!" She fast-walked over the the Blues.

"Alright. Lead the way."

RWBY took the Blues to the shuttle where it delivered the group up to the arena. The participants were allowed two guests per person, which was more than enough for Blue team. RWBY sat in the row right in front of them where the participants had reserved seats.

"Hey, mean lady." Caboose said, looking towards Yang.

"Hi, Caboose. Sorry about what happened. I justâ€¦ tend to get angry sometimes."

"Just to let you know, I didn't shoot you. Freckles did." Caboose looked at his gun.

"Freckles?" Yang gave a confused look while looking at her gun. _At least we're not the only ones naming our weapons._ She thought.

"Reporting for duty." the assault rifle said. Ruby and Yang were taken aback.

"Yourâ€¦ your gun talks?!" Ruby asked, dumbfounded.

"I am the MA5C Individual Combat Weapon System. Designation: Freckles." Freckles said as the two girls stared in awe. Ruby resisted the urge to pull out Crescent Rose and show it off, but hot weapons were prohibited in the audience. Freckles was an exception because Grey had convinced the guards that the gun was simply used for confetti and celebration. The fact that the gun had a strange shape made it easier to sneak in.

"Yeahâ€¦ he used to be this walking robot droid thing, but he's still cute."

"_We apologize for the inconvenience. SLVR is now disqualified from the doubles round._" Peter Port said.

"_Yes, but we must continue with the next battle!_" Oobleck followed before initiating the randomization process. Blue team stared in awe at the announcer, as he and Caboose had an awfully similar voice.

"The dumbass and the motor-mouth has the same voiceâ€¦| Great." Tucker groaned.

"_The next contestants are Yaritza Porte and Danyelle Lara of Team PRDT (Peridot) versus Orion Vander and Romy Aguirre of Team NOIR." _Oobleck announced. After the contestants entered the center, the environment changed. On the northeast was a swamp, the southeast a rainforest, the northwest a run-down city, and the southwest a desert.

The fight commenced. Both teams attempted to lunge towards each other in the middle, but was cut short by a bright flash of light that emitted from the center. A figure appeared at the epicenter.

"Oh, that wasn't so bad." Doc said as he looked to his right and left. "Nope, it's bad."

Both teams were distracted by the blinding light. Danyelle fell, Romy was able to make a three-point landing, and Orion and Yaritza slammed into each other.

"That'sâ€¦|" Wash trailed off.

"It's Doc!" Tucker yelled. They tried to get Doc's attention but he couldn't hear them over the sounds of booing, clapping, and shouting from the audience.

"_Looks like we've got an intruder! Someone get him off!_" Port commanded.

Doc looked around, confused. He didn't know where he was, but he was mostly scared about how he landed smack in the middle of what looked like a death battle. He regained composure and looked at the four players. All four of them stood still, questioning what just happened.

"Hi, my name is Frank DuFresne. Any of you seen 10 people in heavy armor, preferably blue and red?"

NOIR and PRDT both shook their heads, still speechless. Doc kept looking around and spotted the Blue team, thanks to Caboose firing the confetti gun while it's on automatic fire.

"So, this Doc guyâ€¦| I assume he's with you." Blake said.

"Yep. Doc's been around longer than these two." Tucker pointed to Wash and Carolina.

"Your team's already gotten the center of attention. A man in an armor that's identical to yours, save the colors, appeared in the middle of an internationally televised event."

"Yeah, something says we're gonna end up doing crazy shit in this place. But then againâ€¦| we're not Red teamâ€¦|"

Epsilon and Tucker looked at each other.

"Fuck." They both said.

Red Base

Donut, Simmons, and Sarge finished up the last touches of their room, or "Remnant Outpost Alpha", as Sarge liked to call it. Inside were gun racks, armor stands, a planning table, bunk beds, and right outside the window, was a makeshift garage for the Warthog Lopez was building. Grif actually did something, and made a bed that was somehow much more comfortable than most high-end beds sold back in their world.

"Where did you find the furniture for this stuff?" Simmons asked Donut while he turned on the TV.

"After Blue team left, I went to a storage closet on the third floor and found all sorts of cool gadgets!" Donut sat on his bed.

"How did you get all of these down here?"

"I used a few teleportation cubes that I brought with me."

"SO YOU'RE THE ASSHOLE WHO TOOK ALL MY TELEPORTATION CUBES!" Grif yelled. He attempted to tackle Donut but tripped.

"Oops! Misplaced that gun!" Donut went to where Grif tripped and picked up the magnum, holstering it.

"Guys!" Simmons called for everybody. They all gathered around the television as they saw Doc in the middle of the arena and security escorting him. Grif's scroll rang.

"Who's this?" He asked.

"_Hey, it's Wash. Doc's here._"

"We know, we see him on the hologram TV thing. Wait, how'd you get my number?"

"_The scrolls seem to have the contacts of every first year student. Hey, tell everyone to change their contact name to their name. I keep seeing 'unknown contact' and I had to make a guess which-_"

"Yeah, hey, fetch Doc and we'll go there. We need to have a chat." Sarge took Grif's scroll and spoke to Wash. He hung up while everyone else except for Sarge and Grif played around with their scrolls. Afterwards, they climbed out the window where Lopez had just finished shining the jeep.

"Shotgun!" Simmons exclaimed.

"Dibs on shotgun." Grif deadpanned.

"The fuck?! You can't call dibs on shotgun!"

"Uh, yeah, I can. It's the international dibs protocol."

"But I called shotgun first!"

"You didn't call dibs."

"Sarge, can you call dibs on shotgun?"

"The International Dibs Protocol clearly states that calling shotgun is not controlled by-" Sarge was interrupted by Simmons.

"Shotgun!"

"Shotgun." Sarge said, getting in the passenger seat.

"What?!"

"I outrank you, numbnuts, get in the back."

Simmons groans in defeat and hops on the gun. Donut stays behind with Lopez.

"Hold on, what's the point of calling shotgun if I'm always the driver, Sarge is always shotgun, and Simmons is always the gunner?" Grif realized. Everyone else stayed quiet. They rode off to the shuttle dock.

"_I'll give them an hour before they destroy the jeep._"

"Me too, Lopez!" Donut climbed back into their base, leaving Lopez with repairing and refining the garage. He didn't have to be ordered to do that, it was just force of habit.

* * *

><p>Gvaizr Hills, Chorus_

The twenty man platoon that guarded Gvaizr Structure 14 soon rose to a battalion of 200. Security had to be tight as space pirates lingered the area. Though the pirates were small in numbers, they were an elite bunch. One such example was when a Federal Army patrol was killed in the forest by a stealthy pirate. Doyle left Armonia to join Gauss Battalion.

"Medical Officer DuFresne, do you read me? Doc, do you copy?!" Kimball was practically screaming into the radio.

"Kimball, calm down." Doyle said.

"Calm down?! We just lost another soldier!"

"We don't know that. Remember, he's either deep inside Chorus or that was a teleporter that sent them far from our communication range."

Nearby cliffsâ€|

"Locus, there's a fuckton of Feds and Republic soldiers up in Gvaizr." Felix said, looking through the scope of his rifle. He spotted a figure on the other hill walking to a sniper's position. Upon closer inspection, it was his partner. "What took you so long?"

"_I've ordered our men to stay clear of the area. They'll be outnumbered._"

"What happened to quality over quantity?"

"_If you put a highly trained special forces operative armed with a pistol against a hundred savages armed with clubs running towards him from every direction, who do you think would win?_"

"Sheesh."

"_Besides, Control would want to find out what they're guarding. The locals won't just lock down an alien structure without reason._"
Locus focused on Kimball and Doyle, who were arguing. His shotgun mic picked up their conversation.

"_I'm telling you, just calm down. Knowing them, they're going to survive. They're always going to come back unscathed!_"_

"_Luck is only going to take them so far, Doyle._"

"_These are the Reds and Blues we're talking about. At the end of the day, they live to tell the tale._"

"The Reds and Blues?" Felix asked.

"_Yes. Seems like they're trapped inside._" Locus didn't take his eyes off the scope.

"They've already caused us a lot of trouble, let's just fucking nuke this place!"

"â€|" Locus remained quiet.

"Cat got your tongue?"

"_I've just received word from Control. He wants us to kill them._"

"Kill who? Those retards? Like I said, let's just cram a nuke down this canyon's throat and let's go!"

"_We can't take that chance. I agree with Doyle, they always seem to get back up no matter how hard we shove them. We need to make sure they stay down._"

"We? No, you received the order, you're doing it."

"_Do you want to get paid or not?_"

"How much are we talking?"

"_Think about how much our men are paid, combine them, then double it. If we split it, we still get a-_"

"You got me at 'double'. Quit fucking around and let's go hunting."

* * *

><p>A.N.: Sorry about that wait. I've just been preoccupied for a bit. Anyway, thanks for all the support! Leave a

review. Those are good.

The next chapter will _probably _be focused on RWBY's side of things.
So that's something to look forward to.

Locus and Felix? They're still salty.

End
file.